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COLUMBUS:

Wednesday Morning, Jan. 12, 1853.

Milly Gray.

BY MARY A. DENISON.

"O, ever let the aged be, As old angels smile these."

"Ha, ha, ha!" cried gay Bell Grosvenor, "see yonder country gawky; as I live he is beckoning the coachman. Now, if he gets in there 'll be fun, for I do love to plague these green ones. Why, Milly, how you open your great blue eyes; you ain't frightened, are you? Look at her, Annie—ha, ha, ha! just look at her."

"But you are not in earnest, Bell?" said Milly, dimly shrinking back into her seat, "you would not be so impolite, so—"

"Our politeness is reserved for the city, dear, broke in Annie; we consider such fellows as that nobodies; and if they don't want to be laughed at, why they must take an outside place with the coachman, that's all."

"Then you won't catch me sitting on the same seat with you," exclaimed Milly, with a look of alarm, springing away from her cousin and enjoining herself in a seat opposite.

"So much the better," cried Bell, with a merry laugh, "we can have a good time with both of us here he comes. O, Annie, what a fright!"

The young man unbent the coach door himself, for the horses were going up hill, and springing up the steps rather awkwardly, on account of a large portmanteau he had, seated himself on a seat near Milly. Bell and Annie exchanged looks and bit their lips.

Milly hugged the back of the coach, blushing crimson with shame for her cousin, and the country greeny, who wore a very much soiled coat and a shocking cap, over which a light, thin handkerchief was thrown and fastened under his chin, looked up at them dolefully. Once he could not but notice that the object of their mirth was himself, he suddenly put his hand on his throat as if to untie his uncouth capstring—i. e., the ends of the handkerchief—then he seemed to change his mind, and let them alone.

"Won't you have my vinaigrette, Milly dear?" said Bell, with an arch smile, and a side glance at the stranger.

"You do look pale," chimed in Annie, tossing back her thick curls, and restraining herself no longer, she burst into a rude laugh, for the poor girl's cheeks were distressingly flushed.

"Take my fan, coz," exclaimed Bell, proffering it; "the air in this coach is really overpowering; and she placed her delicate pocket handkerchief to her face."

"I thank you," said Milly, with as much dignity as she could assume, while her lips trembled, "I do not need it."

"She certainly is faint, Annie," said Bell, in a low tone; "come, Milly, you had better set between us where we can support you, you haven't quite room enough on that side."

The thoughtless girl started, for a blazing black eye flashed upon her; it was only a second, though, that quick, piercing glance, with the fire of fifty outraged dignities, concentrated within it.

"If you please, cousin Bell," said Milly with more spirit than they dreamed she possessed, "don't annoy me any more; I am better pleased with my seat than your rudeness; and the pretty lip trembled again, and the pretty face looked as if it was going to ery."

The young man turned quickly; the hard expression that had gathered around his mouth melted into something akin to a pleasant smile, while the two rebuked cousins were very angry, one might have seen.

There was no more comment until the coach stopped again, this time to take up a fat old lady with a well-worn bonnet, loaded down with innumerable band boxes and bundles, most of which she insisted on carrying into the coach with her. Here was plenty of material for the merriment of the thoughtless sisters. Bell declared that the band boxes must have once contained old Mrs. Noah's best bonnet, and Annie persisted that if so, that identical bonnet must now be before them.

No sooner was the coach door opened than out sprang the stranger, and taking sundry things from the old lady, deposited them carefully in the inside, all but one, about which she seemed very choice; but just as she performed the laborious feat of stepping within the door, down rolled the paper with a crash; something was destroyed, and Bell and Annie, enjoying her real distress at the accident, burst into another impertinent laugh.

The old lady could not avoid looking towards them, and as her hair was a little awry, and her spectacles crooked, she presented a sight appearing to them so ludicrous that they had their faces almost convulsed with laughter.

"Are these your sisters, sir?" she asked mildly, turning to the gentleman.

"I hope not, madam," he answered, in low and measured tones, "my sisters respect age, to them gray hairs are too sacred for trifling;" he did not wince, in the least under the angry glance of the mortified girls, now completely silenced, but Milly had thrown her thick veil down, and was weeping all to herself.

"I am going to the house of Dr. James; do you know him, sir?" asked the old lady after a few moments of silence.

"I should, madam, for he is my father," said the stranger, with a smile.

The flushed cheeks of Bell grew instantly pale, her eyes met those of her companion, on whose face a similar reaction had taken place.

"My son, Professor L—," lectures in Taunton to-night, and as I have seldom the pleasure of listening to him, he is so often away, I thought I would make an effort to visit your house. I am glad he is your father, young man, you do him honor," she continued with a gratified look, "you have his eyes and his forehead—I should know them," the stranger had lifted his cap, taken off his handkerchief, and was wiping the moisture from a magnificent brow, above which the jet black curls hung thick and silky. "I shall have also the pleasure of meeting my son at your house and acquainting him with your politeness towards a strange old woman, who was the subject of some not very flattering remarks."

She did not glance this time towards the young ladies, if she had she would have pined them; they sat covering down completely crestfallen. It was indeed a pretty kettle of fish they had prepared for themselves. They, too, were going for the express purpose of hearing Professor L—, one of the most brilliant lecturers of the day, and who had almost been bewitched by the sparkling beauty of Bell Grosvenor when a guest at her father's in the city; so much so that he had been heard to declare he knew not of quality who appeared to possess so many desirable qualities for a wife. And strangely enough they were going to the very house of the man they had so grossly insulted; for they never could hear mother's friend, the rich and influential Dr. James. They knew indeed that he had been for some time expected home from his tour in Europe, but his travel-stained attire and his silence had completely deceived them.

Meanwhile Milly recovered a little from her trouble; the envious veil was thrown back, the two pouting lips restored to their equanimity, the glad, merry eyes, all the brighter for the little wash of tears, rested or rather danced over the beautiful prospects of fields, and trees and rose-lined paths; she, innocent heart, had nothing to reproach herself with, and gladly would her cousins have changed places with her.

They sat very silent, trembling and almost fainting, till the stage drew near the broad entrance into the Doctor's grounds; they were still undecided when the coachman said, "The young ladies are to stop here, I believe," and unstrapped the trunks from the huge tongue.

Henry James, after a moment's embarrassment, stepping back to the door, and with a bright smile at Milly, said, as if nothing unpleasant had transpired, "will you allow me to assist you out, young ladies?" How daintily he conducted Milly to the ground, but as the others descended there was a chilling reserve in his manner and a painful confusion in theirs that told how indelible would be the recollection of that unfortunate meeting.

Bell Grosvenor and her sister returned the next day; they could not endure to meet Professor L— in the presence of his mother; but they have learned a lesson which they will probably treasure for life—not to judge by externals, and to treat old age, even in rags, with a reverence as holy as though it moved about in golden slippers.

"But I am a portionless orphan, Henry." "But you are the same Milly Gray that sat in the back seat of the old stage, and nobly resisted the influence of wealth and fashion when those rude, proud girls would have laughed down the uncouth countryman. From that moment I loved you, and still more when I perceived your delicate attention to my father's friend. Believe me, Milly, no true man would trust his happiness with one who would insult gray hairs; there is little heart in such a one however faultless the exterior, and I have such extreme reverence for the aged, that a loathing, impossible for me to express, came over me when I witnessed the behavior of your cousins. They may be wealthy, highly educated, fascinating, but I would no more wed one of them than I would play with a rattlesnake. There! God bless you, Milly—look up, love, and let me tell you that in my eyes you are worth millions, nay, more than all the world."

Bell and Annie Grosvenor are both wedded, but neither of them has Professor L— or Dr. James for a husband. They are, however, very gay and fashionable, if that is any compensation. But Milly, sweet Milly, lives in a beautiful villa in a country town, as happy and devoted a wife and mother as can be found in the wide, wide world.

Ride and Tie; or, Spelling a Wedding Party.

BY CHARLEY CLEWLINE.

John Macallaster was a Scotchman by trade, and a caulk by birth—or vice versa—the best natured fellow in the world, and one of the most persevering bores in all the whole west—out west.

I did John a good turn once, accidentally, and he never forgot it or me either, for gratitude was just as much a part of John's nature, as his trade or accent was, and he always declares he was born with both of them perfect.

I had been in Cincinnati two months, during which time John had hung to me like a barnacle, always insisting upon buying my cigars, theatre tickets, all barber and barroom shaves, and almost quarreled with me once because I refused to allow him to settle with my wash-woman—although I will own up that the poor woman needed the money, and ought to have been paid.

At last, I thought I had given John the slip, for I had got a job about two hundred miles up the river, on the Virginia side, and keeping it a most profound secret, I got all ready for a start, and when I went on board the steamer upward bound, I'll be hanged if the first man I met wasn't John Macallaster.

"Why, where the devil are you bound, John?" I asked, as soon as I could from astonishment. "O, I'm just going up 'long with you, Mr. Clewline. I heard about an hour ago, that you was going to build a boat up there in Virginia, and so I said—I'll go up there and caulk her. Can I have the job, sir?"

I resigned myself to my fate and said—"Yes, you can have her."

I thought he wouldn't bother me so much up in the woods, but he did.

As a specimen of what John could do in the boring line, I will just mention that he owned a splendid horse, which he always insisted upon riding when I went any where.

Well, one Sunday evening, he lent me his messenger colt to ride four miles a-courting, and ten minutes after I had got all comfortable, stowed away along side of Isabel, in popped the confounded Scotchman, having ran all the way on foot to ask me which side he should begin caulk on Monday morning.

After I told him, he would'n't go off till I went; and as there was mighty little use making love with him there, talking about horses and oakum, I went off early, cursing the infernal bore at every other step, all the way home.

John would hang to me, in spite of all I could do to make him mad, or quarrel with me, or something else, to get rid of him.

Once I told him that aquaforts made the most beautiful bold polish in the world; and when he had put up both pairs of his calf-skin go-to-meetings all into an orisp, and came to me with the remainder of his patent polish, and a face as long as a hand-saw, I called him and the druggist who sold him the blacking, eternal fools, both for selling and using nitric acid for aquaforts.

Another time, when he had a very bad leg, and I set him crazy by my prescription of a *potash poultice*, he cursed the old woman for making it too strong, and held me blameless in spite of every other step, all the way home.

John was about to get married to a smart, sensible girl, on the Ohio side, about twenty miles down the river by land, and when the time came, he insisted upon my going down with him to the wedding.

a flat-boar, but 'twas all no use, and finally, on the morning of the day on which he was to be married, we started off, with the understanding that I was to ride John's black nag while he was to have a great long-legged, horse-looking grey mare, from Jake Kimes, over on the Ohio side. But when we got over to Jake's the Duroc grey was down sick with the bots, and not another horse kind to be had, within six miles—it was very doubtful if within ten.

"Here, John, take your horse, and go 'long," I said to him, when he found the grey mare down. "I can't do it—I won't do it, sir. I'd rather not get married at all, than go without you," he replied, firmly.

"How we shall get down to Pomeroy, sir—I'll walk till we can get where we can get another horse."

"You shan't do it, John. For once in four years, I'll have my way with you."

"Well, then, can't we both ride?" "Like the night Templars—eh? each knight taking up his squire behind him—we shall look beautiful going into Pomeroy that way, John; don't you think so?"

"Then we can ride and tie, sir."

"Ride and tie, what the blazes is that?"

"Why, sir, suppose you ride on three or four miles, and then get off, hitch the horse and tramp on. I'll come up, find Dick rested, mount, and go on beyond you, hitch up and go on a-foot, leaving the horse for you again; and so we'll go it—ride and tie, till we bring up in Pomeroy," and away I went on Dancing Dick, leaving John trudging on after me.

About four miles from the starting point, I left Dick tied to a tree, and walked on till I began to grow weary and half out of humor; for I thought that considering John was bound to his own wedding, he made mighty poor time of it, favoring Dick a good deal more than he did me.

By the time he came up, I was fairly mad, and told him so, besides a good deal more.

"I beg pardon, sir, but I got to thinking about Milly and getting married, and forgot that my horse was walking all the time. But I'll get off here, sir, and let you take him."

"No, no, John; go on ahead and tie."

"No I won't, sir; I have ridden more than my stretch now, and I won't ride another inch till after you have had a spell at it."

"Well, John, if you won't, you won't, and I will." So I mounted Dick, and as I had no marriage retrospective to trouble me, I turned my attention to riding. I soon had young messenger stretched out at a pace that would have distanced any trained quarter nag in the "Old Dominion."

After putting him down to it for about five miles, I was about to dismount and tie, when a loud peal of thunder from a dark cloud not far distant, startled me, and put an idea into my head at the same time; and before you could count five, Dick was off again under whip and spur, like a rocket.

The remaining five miles was gone over in about as short time as ever a horse covered that stretch of ground, and I dashed up to the door of the house where the wedding was to take place, just as the first great drops of the coming storm came pattering down, and leaping from the panting animal, I entered the room where most of the guests were assembled, who crowded about me and began to enquire for John. The bride particularly was anxious to know where her almost husband was.

"I'm afraid you won't see him to-night, Miss Milly," I said, looking uncommonly knowing.

"Not see him!" asked a dozen voices. "Not see him to-night! Why, what on earth is the matter?"

"Well, we were up there at Long Bottom together, and I tried to hurry him off down here; but he insisted on my taking Dick and coming myself. I did so, and when I saw him last, he didn't talk or act as though he was in any hurry to come here."

"Oh, the wretch!" sobbed the bride.

"The audacious scoundrel!" growled the bride's father.

"The deceivin' villain!" gasped Miss Milly's mother.

"Mean, rascal!" exclaimed three of the bride's pretty sisters.

"I'll learn him better than to come foolin' round here in this way!" yelled big Tom, Milly's eldest brother.

"He's a brute!" said everybody in concert.

"Amen!" responded the minister, who had missed his three to five dollars.

"Well, let the sneaking Scotch pony go," shouted John, "and let us have supper;" and we did—counting one among the we's, and feeling guilty, but I kept my council and ate my supper like a Christian.

By the time we left the table, the storm was over, and the guests departed, leaving only the old preacher and myself to console, comfort, and talk reason and resignation to the bereaved family.

More than an hour had elapsed—all except Tom had forgiven the traitor lover, when the door was flung open with a bang, and in came John, with a face as red as a beet, and clothes dripping like a water rat after a three week's shower-bath.

"O, Mr. Clewline, I'm so glad to see you alive!" he shouted, bestowing his first greeting upon me instead of his bride elect. "I saw that blasted horse run off with you, and I was afraid you'd be killed; but I don't care for nothing now, you're safe, and—O, Milly, my dear, don't look so cross at me! I came as fast as I could, indeed I did."

There were something so perfectly ridiculous in the whole affair, that all present—even sulky Tom, burst out a laughing, gathered about John, forgave him, and declared that all wet and muddy as he was, he should be married forthwith.

John hung off awhile, but Milly led him up, and the old minister made a short splice of a wedding of it, but so strong that four Mississippi steamers couldn't draw the strands.

I thought, certainly, that that last "saw" of mine would cure John of boring me; but it didn't, for in less than a week his mental avers was twisting me out of patience again.

Hats.

Hatology is a science of such immense importance that we have often wondered that it has received so little attention from thinkers. The importance of the head dress, as the crowning article of costume, the key-stone of the arch of the outer man, cannot assuredly be overrated. Chateaubriand used to say that Napoleon's little three cornered hat, set upon a stick, would cause all Europe to fly to arms. The Polish cap and Plume of the "bravest man in the battle" of his day, Marshal Murat, is said to be still in the keeping of his family in Naples; and the "iron helm" of the great Warwick may be seen in Westminster Abbey. Gessler's hat upon a pole, as every school-boy knows, has a reputation coextensive with the apple of William Tell. The highland bonnet, with dark raven feather, is the volume-speaking emblem of mountain bravery and independence. "The man with the white hat" we see going down to posterity in a blaze of glory, while "the man with the claret-colored coat" is sinking daily into

deeper and deeper obscurity. Even when men decay, hats survive and enjoy often a kind of earthly immortality. As an atrocious punster has said, "some of them are felt, too; they are brim-full of remembrances, yet they are band-ied about from post to pillar; they are the crowning summits of the temple of the mind; and from this, if from nothing else, we would infer that Hatology is yet destined to become a great science."—Exchange.

Nellie Lane.

There was a new arrival in L—. A young man of gentlemanly appearance and genteel address, alighted from the stage coach and announced his intention to remain a few months in the town. The gentleman gave no reason for so doing; he never hinted his occupation, never asked if he could procure work. He paid his bill every Saturday night without a murmur. What, was he? The fat landlady had intimated that she thought he was young. The gentleman stared and left the room. The consequence was that Mrs. Hobbs talked herself into a hoarse cold; she was sure "he wasn't enbuddy to act so, she knew."

Now, Mrs. Hobbs was one of those wonderfully gifted persons who always knows every one's business except her own. The town of L— was well provided with such characters. They made the life of the place. And if you get a goodly number congregated in one town, just stop up the key-holes of your drawers or else they'll see a love letter in one corner. Don't wear your neck chain, if you do sharp eyes may see a gentleman's portrait appended to it. If you walk out with your father, they'll ask "how many yards you put in a sheet?"

But a few days passed ere Mrs. Hobbs told Miss Jones that the "feller's" name was Mordant Gray, and that he was going with Nellie Lane, and she knew he'd have her." For once Mrs. Hobbs told the truth—that his name was Mordant Gray—that he had asked the hand of Nellie Lane in marriage and had been refused by her father and accepted by Nellie, every one knew.

Nellie was lovely, and the pet and pride of her aged parents. They loved her too well to yield her to the care and keeping of one they knew nothing definitely about. But Nellie loved; she asked no questions "twas enough for her that he loved her in return. 'Twas enough, and so she left her father's house, and went, she knew not where, with Mordant Gray.

Mr. Lane grew very pale, and his hand trembled as he turned the key to Nellie's room; and Mrs. Lane gave her hand into the hands of a stranger. From that hour her name was never mentioned. There fell a silence o'er the old house; a silence such as death leaves. They heard from Nellie but once, and then she was the star of the fashionable circle.

The old man did not curse his child, he remembered that she had nestled in his bosom, even as she now nestled to another's; that her white hand had rested on his brow, or twined the silver hair in many a massive curl; he said she was his child yet, no matter for the rest.

It is better to bless than curse. It matters not how deeply you are wronged, curses do no good. They will meet you in after years; they will rise up at every step, whispering, "if ye had blessed the wronged would not have fallen." There will come a memory of sunny eyes that have met yours in trustfulness; of small hands clasping time in confidence; of red lips, which spoke, it may be, love vows. Curse them not, though those eyes looked injury; the hands worked it; the lips spoke it. Curse not, I say, though they blight your life prospects. Bless, and the sun glideth through the clouds; curse, and the tempest lowers.

Not many weeks after Nellie's departure, they bore her mother to the grave.

"Twas a year after Mrs. Lane's death that one clear, cold night, Mr. Lane sat by the fireside, his clasped hands resting on the old Bible, and his voice raised in prayer.

He did not hear the door open; he saw no one enter, until a muffled form stood by his side.

"Father! father! father!"

The thick veil fell back, leaving exposed the wan, white face of Nellie Lane.

The old man started to his feet. He pushed back the matted curls and pierced earnestly into that face. He opened his arms, "My Nellie!" and she lay sobbing on his bosom. Setting her beside him, he asked her history. It was short but full of agony.

True to his promise, on their arrival in New York, Mordant made her his wife. He was very wealthy, and they entered into the highest circles. She was very happy; he gratified her slightest wish. They went one night to the opera. A new star made her appearance in the musical world. When she ascended the stage, Nellie observed Mordant grow pale. She asked the cause, he replied, "Nothing!"

The following morning as Nellie sat reading in her boudoir, a servant ushered in the singer of the night before.

"Is your name Nellie Gray?" she asked.

"It is," was the reply.

"Lady, will you listen calmly to me?" asked the stranger, laying her hand on Nellie's arm.

Nellie said "yes."

"Are you his wife?" she whispered compressing her lips.

Nelly trembled, she knew not why.

"Wedded?"

"What mean you, madam? You are a stranger."

"What mean I? He has deceived you. You are not lawfully wedded. I am his wife, married not two years ago, in Spain. See."

As she spoke, she laid before the grief-stricken Nellie the marriage certificate of the marriage of Mordant Gray to Ionia Gonzales. Nellie did not faint. She left the house in company with Ionia, and sought her parents.

"Father, tell me, am I thy child yet? May Ionia—"

"Yes, my own forever. Let the stranger come." As she spoke the door opened and Ionia entered. She was very beautiful—the dark, dazzling beauty of Spain.

She refused to tell her past life, and Mr. Lane pressed her not. He was happy with his child, happy with the stranger.

CHAPTER II.

Hush! bend reverently. The White Angel hath been busy. Shadowy fingers have pressed the white brow and sealed the fountain head of life. The death banner waves over a broken band. The young beloved hath been bidden to the feast. Lo! she goeth, and who shall stay her step. Sleep, young slumberer, in the still rest. The music of thy childhood has not echoed along thy path. There are stains and marks on the harp, the red gilding is dimmed by tears.

Sleep Nellie!

List! a manly form bends o'er the coffin. He has come at the bidding of death. He lifts his head and meets the gaze of flashing eyes. The intruder is a woman tall and graceful.

"Ha!" she exclaims, "Mordant Gray, you here. Hast come to exult over the innocent form

of your victim? Nay, ye need not shrink, my eyes are not like hers, they ye cannot meet them. Look at her if you will. She makes one more on thy list of victims, one more, for whose every hour of anguish, ye shall reap years of wo. Go! speak not!"

He did go, and their rung after him a peal of laughter, so wild and exulting, that it thrilled his very soul with fear.

Let him go, as others of his cast go, while his brow is branded, his heart marked, his very soul black with perjury; the shutting out of sunshine; the rendering of the name of Virtue, a curse to young, glad hearts; the giver of the innocent to a life of more than damning agony; the destroyer of household harmony; the messenger of woe in many a merry home; he, who, at the tribunal of God, shall answer for the souls they have corrupted.

Let him go, with the memory of a wronged and disgraced maiden, a deserted wife to follow him. Go, Mordant Gray, but a wan-wasted face shall mirror in the depths of thy wine cup, cold icy hands touch thee at every turn. In the night hours, a white shadowy form shall stand by thy couch, asking for that ye took but cannot return. From the pages of thy book, in the flower's cup eyes pierce into thine, dark and gleaming. Soft, blue eyes, which the death veil has hid look up to you in every place, dim eyes of the long departed. The footsteps of the living leave their impress in thy path, and her voice echoes far above the sounds of revelry. There is no rest for thee. In the shrieking wind gust, 'mid the patter of the rain, comes the voices of two, demanding their right.

The wronged, betrayed, degraded!

British Periodicals.

The reader's attention is invited to the Prospect—in to-day's Beacon—of certain British Periodicals, reprinted, and furnished to subscribers, by Messrs. Leonard Scott & Co., New York. Having received these works for several years, we can confidently recommend them to the patronage of our friends. Each one of them numbers among its contributors several of the most distinguished writers of Great Britain can boast. To the general reader, these works are alike interesting and instructive,—whilst to the scholar, they are almost indispensable. The list of Messrs. L. Scott & Co.'s Publications embrace the following:

The London Quarterly Review, The Edinburgh Review, The North British Review, The Westminster Review, Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

The London Quarterly is under the editorial charge of Lockhart. In politics, it belongs to the Tory school,—though, as compared, we suppose, with Blackwood, which is ultra Tory, it is termed conservative. It is conducted with marked ability.

The Edinburgh Review is whig in politics, and after Blackwood, has probably more influence on the politics of Great Britain than any other Periodical of the day. It was for many years edited by Jeffrey, who, as a popular writer, had probably no superior among his contemporaries, and under whose able and efficient management it established for itself a world-wide reputation.

The North British Review is the organ of the Free Church Party of Scotland. It was started a few years ago by Dr. Chalmers, and is now edited by his son-in-law, Dr. Hanna. It is conducted with signal ability; and though its distinctive feature is theological, yet, from the wide range of subjects discussed in it, it is alike interesting and instructive to the general reader.

The Westminster Review is the organ of what is termed in Great Britain the Liberal Party. It is the special champion of the rights of the masses, and is a work of decided interest.

Blackwood's Magazine is the organ of the high Tory party, and is acknowledged to be the ablest Periodical of the day. Owing to an arrangement made by Messrs. Scott & Co. with the British Publishers, they are enabled to issue their reprint of Blackwood before the original edition arrives. The works of Bulwer, and other distinguished writers, are first published in the columns of Blackwood.

These Publications are furnished to subscribers at extremely low prices, and the present is a particularly favorable time for commencing subscriptions. We consider them decidedly the cheapest works—their high literary character considered—published in this country.—Beacon.

Not so Funny After All.

Jokes, though generally relished when perpetrated at others expense than our own, are somewhat dangerous commodities, and at times result disastrously to parties concerned. A joke was played not long since in this city, that came not far from terminating most disagreeably.

A gentleman who had been married some two months became acquainted with a dashing young fellow that prided himself, and justly, upon the prepossessing effect his presence exercised upon the fair sex generally. The newly made Benedict concluded it would be a good joke to introduce this gay Rolando to his spouse as an unmarried lady, and observe the ludicrous consequences, his little gallantries would have, when he obtained the knowledge that he had been vowing all sorts of passionate adoration to another man's wife. This brilliant idea he put in practice, charging his consort to preserve the delusion under which his friend labored.

The youthful hero was in fact very much pleased with his new female acquaintance, declaring his warmest regard on every occasion, and sharing the sweet contagion of her society until what began in a light spirit of gallantry ended in actual affection. "The wife, too, found her youthful beau quite fascinating and extended to him a freedom not warranted by her matrimonial position. Matters were carried to such an extent that an elopement was proposed and accepted. Soft nonsense and softer kisses had melted the susceptible heart of the young wife to a capacity for moulding that her will and judgment would not control. The husband obtained a hint of what was about to ensue, and alarmed at the natural result of his own folly, interceded in the very nick of time to prevent an irretrievable wound to his hopes and honor. He frustrated the elopement, but obtained the lasting resentment of his wife, who now threatens a separation.

The wisdom lacking husband disrelishes jokes of a connubial character at present, and has discovered the folly of his former course. We would advise all persons, especially women, to avoid temptation, since none are so elevated, or so invincible that they may not fall. In the truthful language of Addison: